NUMB. XCVII

THE PLAIN DEALER.

——*Modò Vir, modò Fœmina.* VIRG.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22. 1725.

SIR;

AS I have taken Notice, in the Courſe of your *Plain Dealing*, That you are perfectly appriz'd of the General Diſpoſition among Thoſe, whom we call *People of Quality*, to patronize, and diſtinguiſh, *Merit*, I flatter my ſelf that you will contribute what Aſſiſtance may be in your Power, to the Encouragement of a *Work*, I am at preſent engag'd in; and which the World may expect to ſee publiſh'd, very ſpeedily. —I intend, in ſhort, To compile a HISTORY of DEDICATIONS; containing a particular Account of all Addreſſes, of That Kind, which have been made to the *Noble Patrons* of the preſent Age: Whether *Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earls, Viſcounts, Simple Barons*, or under what Name, or Title, ſoever known, and diſtinguiſh'd: Together with certain *Edifying Remarks*, upon their graceful Manner of *Receiving*, and judicious Liberality in *Rewarding*, ſuch Addreſſers! From which a reaſonable Judgment may be form'd, concerning the *unuſual* Encouragement, *Polite Learning* is like to meet with, throughout the Courſe of the preſent Generation.

'GREAT Numbers have already ſent me in *Memoirs* of their own particular Experience: And I doubt not in the leaſt, but that I ſhall be able to compoſe a Volume, which will not only *do Juſtice* to the very extraordinary Times we live in, but aſtoniſh, and inflame Poſterity. — If you, Mr. *PLAIN DEALER*, or any of your Friend, have *wherewithall* to oblige the World, on ſo illuſtrious an Occaſion, be *communicative*, for the *Honour* of your Country, and confirm me, ſtill more,

Your Friend, and conſtant Reader,

HUMPHRY PICKTHANK.

'I MUST be plain, with my induſtrious Correſpondent, Mr. *Pickthank*, and let him know, without Ceremony, or Circumlocution, That I have an irreconcileable Quarrel to the *Subject* of his Hiſtory: And ſhall contribute no *Memoirs*, to its *Ornament*. — If he is deſirous to know my *Reaſon*, I ſhall give it him in the Words of a merry Friend of mine, who took Occaſions, ſome few Years ſince, to *dedicate*, to a *Great Man*, his Thoughts concerning *Dedications*.

YOUR *Dedicators*, ſays this *Wag*, are a Sort of *intellectual Taylors*, that *cut out* Cloaths for a Great Man's Mind, without ever taking Meaſure of it. — They have but *Two Rules*, and Thoſe they never depart from: Firſt, the Dreſs muſt be *Gaudy*: And, Secondly, It muſt *never Fit*. But they muſt make it of a *vaſt Dimenſion*, and cover it all over with *Tinſel*.

METHINKS I ſhou'd congratulate the Men of *Quality*, on this *Advantage*, which it muſt, of Neceſſity, be, to them, to have their Characters drawn only by ſuch as do not, or *dare not*, know them: And will, conſequently, be ſure not to put their *Graces*, their *Lordſhips*, and their *Ladyſhips*, out of Countenance. A Convenient Piece of Good Breeding! For which, I hope, They are thankful.

AS for my ſelf, when I ſee a long Drift of *Excellencies*, and *Talents*, cramm'd down the Throat of an *Innocent Nobleman*, who has done nothing to *deſerve* ſuch Ill Uſage, I am not at all ſurpriz'd at it, Becauſe I am aſſur'd it is not meant to the Diſadvantage of the *Perſon* of *Honour* it is addreſs'd to, but is a mere Declaration of the *Author's Wants*, and a heavy Complaint, againſt Hunger, and Nakedneſs.

THE only *Dedications*, therefore, which I am for encouraging, are Thoſe, which may inſtruct the Receiver, that he is to conſider them as *Bills of Exchange*, drawn by the *Witty*, upon the *Great*, and payable at Sight. — And, leaſt the Offering ſhou'd be miſunderſtood, or not recompens'd, as it ought to be, thro' the deplorable Ignorance of ſome People, whoſe High Quality has plac'd them above the Reach of *Knowledge*, and the Impulſes of *Humanity*, I have, for the Benefit of my worthy Companions, in the Labours of the Standiſh, drawn up a *Form*, which I would *have* annex'd to all future Dedications, where the *Fortune* is, in any conſiderable Degree, more Elevated, than the *Underſtanding*.

(Price Two Pence.)

To

To the Right Honourable Dives, *Earl of* Widefield *Debtor, To* Paul Poorwit, *for the following Goods, Sold, and Deliver'd.*

		l.	*s,*	*d.*
Imprimis,	FOR a large Stock of Learning, very much wanted	02	10	00
Item —	For a Bale of powerful Eloquence, admir'd by all the World, but never yet us'd.	05	00	00
Item —	For as much Honour and Juſtice as a *Great Man* has Occaſion for.	00	01	
Item —	For a Hogſhead of Courage, not at all the worſe for uſing	10	00	00
Item —	For a Pound of Wit, and Humour	01	00	00
Item —	For a long Line of *Lineage*, Dog Cheap, and not a Farthing a Yard, by Meaſure	05	00	00
Item —	For praiſing your Lordſhip's Anceſtors, unknown	01	10	00
Item —	For admiring your Lady's Beauty, unſeen,	00	10	00
Item —	For a Graceful Perſon, entirely of my own making	02	10	00
Item —	For a Nail of a Yard of Generoſity	00	02	05
	Sum Total —	28	03	6½

My LORD,

'I HAVE ſent you the Goods abovementioned; being the Beſt, my Warehouſe affords, and at the very loweſt Prices. — I hope they will pleaſe you. Yon will find, in the large, ſeveral Parcels, which I have not *Item'd*: Which will raiſe the whole *Value* to, at leaſt, *even Thirty Pounds*; and I have drawn a Bill upon your Lordſhip, accordingly, which I hope you will pay, at Sight, — I might have found Chapmen for theſe Goods, among others of the *Quality*, as unprovided as your Lordſhip; — But out of *pure Reſpect*, I was reſolv'd, you ſhou'd have the *Refuſal*.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd,

moſt obedient, moſt devoted,

moſt, &c.

PAUL POORWIT.

IN this plain Manner, ſays my ingenious Friend, and old Acquaintance, wou'd I have *Authors* treat their *Patrons*. The ſaid Thirty Pounds may, probably, be the Poet's *whole Stock*; and *Wits* dealing the leaſt upon *Credit*, either in buying, or ſelling, of any *Trading People* in the World, have the more Occaſion for *Ready Money*.

A LITTLE Reflection on the foregoing Particulars, will convince the laborious Mr. *Pickthank* that nothing is more unreaſonable than his Expectation of my Aſſiſtance, towards ſetting forth a *Hiſtory* of ſuch *Dedications*, as I can, by no means, approve the *Examples* of: But am deſirous to ſee ſuppreſs'd in Favour of a *Juſter Method*, which I have therefore recommended.

To the Gentleman that writes the PLAIN DEALER.

SIR.

'I AM a young *Woman*, juſt turn'd of *fourteen*; and my Father is a Doctor of *Phyſick*. But he loves *Poetry* mightily: And we have a great many *Wits* come often to dine with us. For my Part, I have no great Skill, yet, what Difference there may be between one ſort of Men and another: But I liſten, when any of theſe *Wits* are talking with my Father becauſe he ſays, They can teach me Things That I ſhall be the wiſer for, as long as I live.

'ONE of the prettieſt of them all, was reading to us, yeſterday, ſome ingenious Copies of Verſes, out of a Book of Poems, that is juſt come out; and, I think, he told us, it was writ by a Gentleman whoſe Name is *Baker*. — They were particularly delighted with one little Poem among the Reſt, at which They all *laugh'd*, as if they were *mad*: And ſaid, it was one of the *Cleaneſt Turns* They had met with: And my Father cou'd not reſt, till he had taken a Copy of it.

'I obſerv'd, that my Mother, and my Eldeſt Siſter, *bluſh'd*, while they were laughing at it: But I (tho' I ſtole it out of my Father's Pocket, the ſame Night, and have read it, over and over, till I have got it by Heart) can make nothing of it, and am vex'd, becauſe I *want Underſtanding* to find out the Meaning of ſomething that my Siſter (who is but 3 Years older) pretended to *look learnedly* at, as if ſhe knew, forſooth! as much of the Matter as Anybody.

'I AM aſham'd to ask Queſtions about it, at home, for Fear of being found out to be Sillier than I ſhou'd be, at my Years, — And, therefore, I bethought my ſelf to beg the Favour of *you*, to ſhew where the *Cleanneſs* of That *Turn* lies, that my Father, and his *Wits*, were ſo highly diverted with. — I know a Place where they take in your Paper, and where I ſhall ſee your Anſwer, without any Body's knowing that it was I, who writ to you about it. — I never writ to a *Man* before, but my *Father*, and therefore pray don't wonder at my Ignorance, or Miſtake, in

Good SIR,

Your Admirer, and humble Servant

NOVINDA.

The FEATHER.

IN his Florimel's *Arms, as if quite out of Breath,*
I'll kiſs thee, my Charmer! I'll kiſs thee, to Death!
Cry'd Thirſis, *in Raptures — But, ſoon on her Breaſt,*
He ſunk down his Head, and compos'd him to Reſt!
Not long had they lain, thus unactive together,
E're the Wanton *pluck'd out, from the Bolſter, a* Feather:
And, graſping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,
In a Tone of Deriſion, the witty One cries; —
To prevent being kill'd, in the Manner you ſaid,
I reſolve, with THIS FEATHER to chop off your Head.

P. S. There may be *Wit* in this, for any Thing I know; but, if a Man was for *Cutting my Head off*, and had nothing in his Hand but a *Feather*, I ſhou'd think my ſelf a *Great Fool*, to be *afraid*, of what he cou'd do to me.

MADAM,

'WHEN a young Lady, of ſo lively, and induſtrious, a Curioſity, becomes deſirous to learn *Meanings*, ſhe makes much ſwifter Advunces, than you can eaſily imagine. — Not to rob you, therefore, of the Honour of a Diſcovery, you cannot fail to make ſhortly by Virtue of your own natural Genius, Pleaſe only to wait, till the Week after your next Birth Day, and, if, by That Time, you ſhall not be as *knowing* in this Point, as the young Lady, your Elder Siſter, Command all Inſtruction, in the Power of

Your moſt obedient Servant,

The PLAIN DEALER.

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